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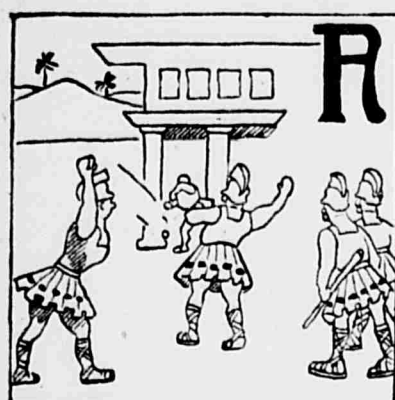
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RENT STRIKES.



RENT strikes are one of the oldest forms of strikes.

There were rent strikes in Rome at the time of the early emperors, when the common people were as tightly packed in huge tenement-houses as they are on the east side to-day. There were rent strikes in England as soon as the landlord system began. The Magna Charta was one of the sequels to an enormous rent strike.

When Martin Van Buren was

District-Attorney of Columbia County, before he became President of the United States, there were rent strikes there. The tenants of the old patroons, the Van Rensselaers particularly, struck against the landlord system in the agricultural districts, and the State Constitution was amended in 1846 to abolish all feudal tenures and to make void the renting of agricultural lands for a longer period than twelve years.

The east-side tenants have no such difficulties to confront as the farmers of the upper Hudson Valley in their fight against the old patroons. The tenant farmers were held to the landlord by their stock, farm improvements and crops. The east-side tenant can move any day.

Many of the east-side tenement-houses should be vacated irrespective of the rent charged. No family should live in only one room, even if they could get that room free of any rent. No family having only two or three rooms should take boarders. No room which has not good ventilation should be used to sleep in, regardless of whether the rent is \$8 a month or \$800 a year.

Many of these east-side families should therefore move anyhow.

Removal would be for their good, and the reduction of the demand would diminish the rentals of the remaining tenants.

A handy place for these dissatisfied tenants to go is out on Long Island. Only instead of shifting from an east-side tenement-house to a Brownsville tenement-house they should go to some locality where they can secure a little land to work on. With a plot of ground on which to raise their vegetables, with a few chickens to lay eggs, with a goat to provide milk, the household expenses would be reduced and the household health would be benefited.

The high death rate in one and two room tenements is nature's way of solving the tenement problem. Left alone, nature kills so fast that, unless a new supply comes in, the most unhealthy and unsanitary tenements are vacated by death.

The last person to blame for high rents is the landlord.

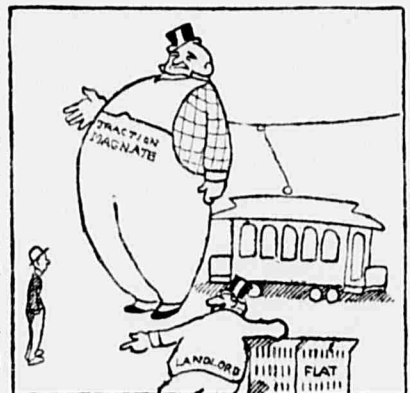
Blame first the lack of cheap and speedy transportation facilities, which cuts down the supply of available land.

Blame next the taxing system which assesses east side tenement-houses three times as much as the old houses on the west side which the Trinity Corporation owns.

Blame third the wasteful, ill-adjusted municipal government and its high taxes.

Blame fourth the tenants themselves, whose votes perpetuate extravagant government.

And then, last of all, blame the landlord, who, like almost every other business man, charges as high a price for what he has to sell as he can get.



Letters from the People.

May 24, 1908.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What was the exact date (month and year) when the Brooklyn Bridge was opened to the public?
L. M. I.

At Any Good Gymnasium.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I find what exercises will develop the biceps and chest?
C. R.

Fifty the Collector.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
The poor insurance collector often has to walk up and down streets and stairs, only to hear nothing but "I cannot pay you this week." At the end of the week the poor collector often looks at his book and finds, perhaps, he only has made \$5 for the whole week.
S.

Coghlan.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Who wrote the "Hooch Der Kaiser" poem? Was it Admiral Evans or Coghlan?
T. D.

Green Motormen.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Why should not the Public Service Commission ask our bankrupt surface lines in Manhattan Borough to explain why they continually persist in breaking in "green" motormen during the rush hours? Last night I boarded a Madison avenue car, crowded, dirty, ill-lighted, and was nearly thrown from my seat at least ten times in that many minutes. The "green" motormen, who were in by some forty or fifty other victims. The "green" motormen, who were in by some forty or fifty other victims. The "green" motormen, who were in by some forty or fifty other victims.

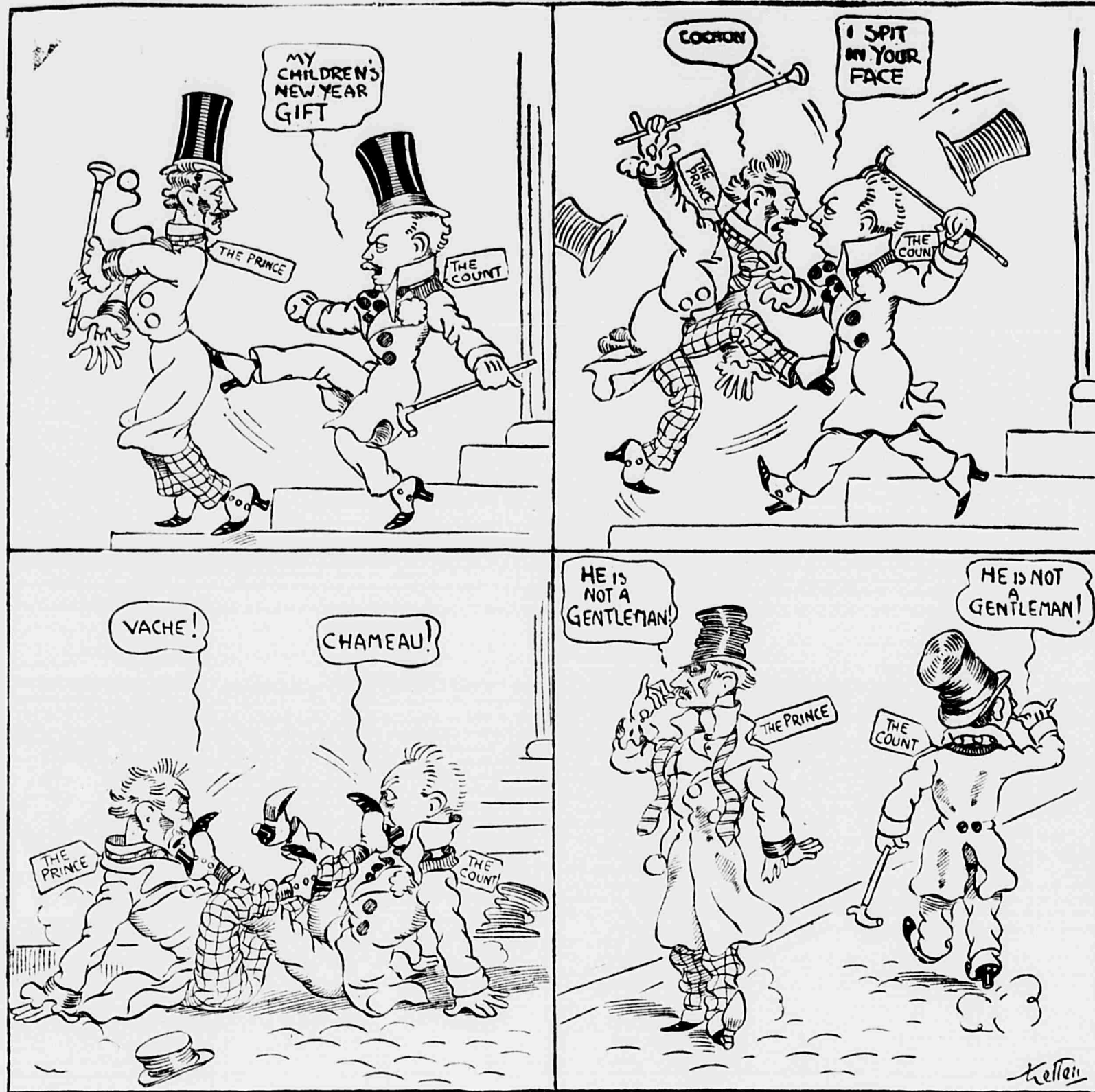
and stopped the rubber-box with a jerk—while the regular motorman stood inside of the closed front doors grinning. It certainly is exasperating enough to be obliged to pay fare for an opportunity to stand in these human hoppers without endangering one's life by being thrown to the floor. Let our honored Commission verify this condition by having one of the Madison avenue line cars run night between 6:15 and 6:30. I am sure other readers have had such an experience.
EAST SIDE.

A New Record.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Prompted by the various letters which have recently appeared in your paper in regard to the walk from Prospect Park Circle to Coney Island, along the cycle path, I undertook the same and completed the distance in 54 minutes and 22 seconds, thereby beating the record made by P. Smith and Gittins by 8 minutes and 28 seconds. How is this, readers?
J. A. ENSEIG.

To Abate Noise Nuisance.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Night is made hideous all over town by the yowls of stray cats. They keep people awake and are a general annoyance. Dogs are licensed, and dog-catchers gather to stray cats. Then why not the same with cats? Let people license their pet cats and keep them at home. Let stray cats be killed. This is not only common sense, but practical necessity in our big, no-noisy city.
Mrs. H. M.

NOBLEmen!

By Maurice Ketten.



The Chorus Girl Had "Some Time" New Year's Eve; So Had Dopey McKnight.

By Roy L. McCardell.



"I ain't too late to wish me a Happy New Year and aromatic spirits of ammonia and bromo-seltzer and bicarbonate of soda and lots of ice water. Although some say that the best bracer is absolute trappé," said the Chorus Girl.

"Mamma De Branscombe got separated from us because we run away from her New Year's Day, at the hour of the milk, because she saw one of her husbands in Martin's, and, forgetting the years that had flown, created a scene and had to be chaperoned home by a policeman.

"She got to telling what she'd done for that man and got everybody ratty. 'Don't you remember, Jack,' says she, 'you're Harry, ain't you? Don't you remember how when we was first married and I went out and bought the furniture for our little flat? Bringing it home in my arms because it was dear to me—a bottle of gin, a bottle

of whiskey, a bottle of Italian vermouth—the simple furnishings of a simple home, but one where love dwelt. And how, after you drank up the furniture of our little home, Tom, you fled in the night. How could you, Charles, how could you?' says she.

"It made the party she addressed very nervous, because he couldn't remember rightly whether it was somebody he had married or not, and it also got on the nerves of many ladies present, because, as one said, 'Ring out the old, ring in the new; ring out the false, ring in the true! Get a live one, shake the dopey, ring out old husbands, hates and hopes!'

"Miss Montgomery said that was the sweetest New Year's toast she ever heard, and Mamma De Branscombe shouldn't be permitted in any plunge if she was going to get her pots and crabs the joyous New Year.

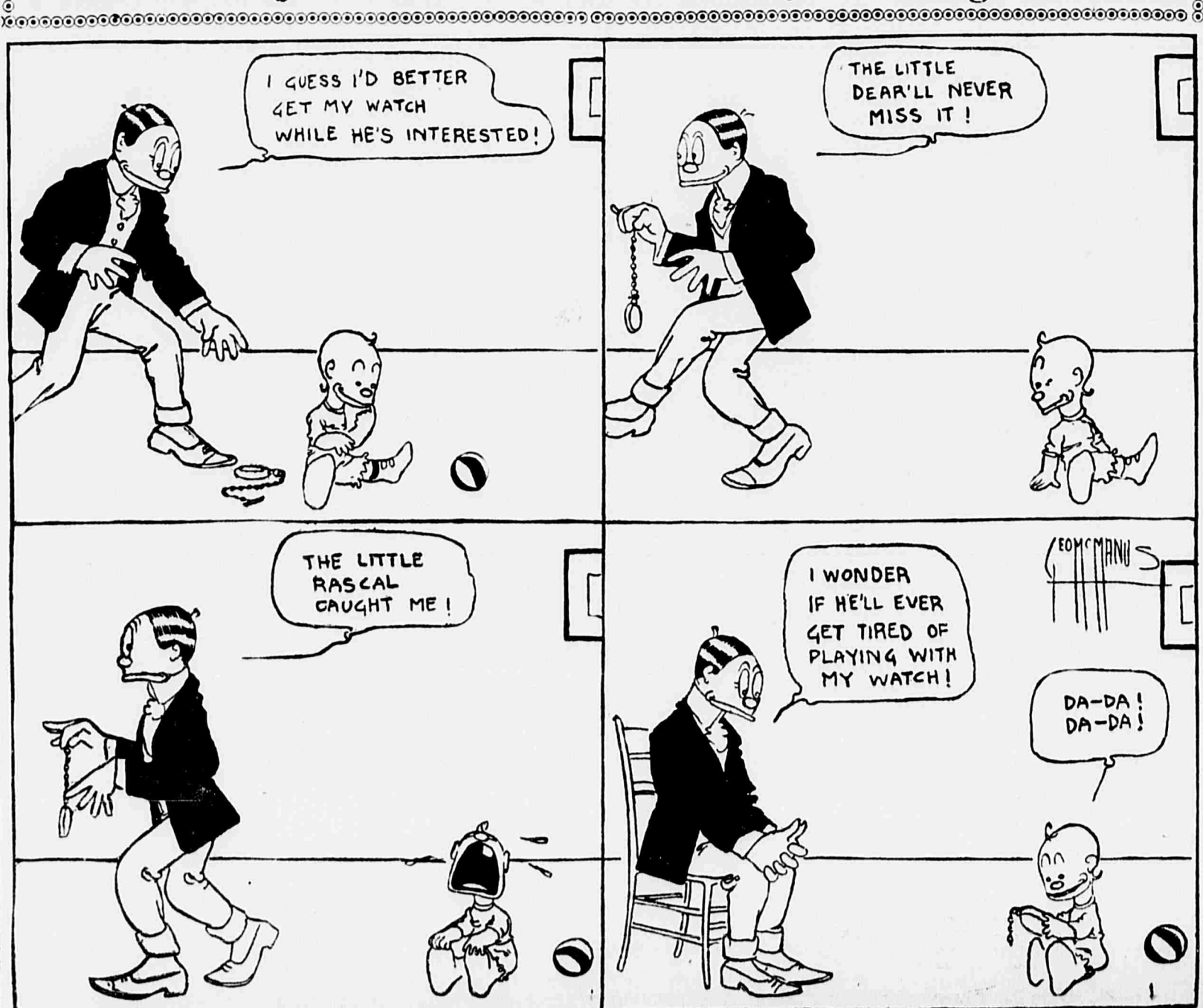
"George, the wine agent, Amy's fiancé, said that making cracks like that took people's minds off buying and, anyway, New Year's Eve was no time for a recital of 'Who's Who in Alimony!'

"If you was married," George said, "there was no use to be spiteful about it. Because a lady had been your bride and your dream of love had gone for sweepy, it was no use not to speak when you met again as strangers yet.

"Other than that we had a lovely time, and I've had a headache ever since.

The Newlyweds and Their Baby

By George McManus



The Story of the Operas

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 12—AUBER'S "FRA DIAVOLO."

ALL was bustle and excitement at Matteo's roadside inn, near Ternedina, Italy. It was the day before Easter. A company of carabineers, under brave young Capt. Lorenzo, had halted at the inn for refreshment on their way to the mountains, whither they were sent to track down the notorious robber chief, Fra Diavolo. The soldiers were jubilant over their hopes of adventure. But Lorenzo did not share their joy. He had just learned that old Matteo's daughter Zerkina, to whom he was secretly betrothed, was promised in marriage by her father to Francesco, a rich farmer. Lorenzo's pleas were in vain. Matteo sought a wealthy husband for his pretty daughter. No poor soldier could hope to wed her. So the young captain bade his weeping sweetheart a sad farewell, and was about to march away at the head of his company when a commotion on the inn table arrested him.

A plump English couple, hurried in, frightened half out of their wits. They were tourists, Lord and Lady Roeburg—who had been set upon and robbed by Fra Diavolo's men while crossing the mountains. Their jewels had been stolen, but their money, having been cleverly hidden, was still safe. Lord Roeburg offered 10,000 francs for the return of the gems, and the carabineers started off on their quest. Lord Roeburg and his wife at once began to quarrel violently over a certain Marquis who had traveled with them off and on for several days, and whose attentions to Lady Roeburg had awakened the husband's jealousy. In the midst of the dispute the Marquis himself arrived at the inn. He was Fra Diavolo, disguised, and had come to find out why his men had failed to secure the 10,000 francs which he knew the English couple had in their possession. Through an indiscreet speech of Roeburg the robber learned that the money was sewed in their clothes. Summoning two members of his band—Beppo and Giacomo by name—Fra Diavolo told them he would spend the night at the inn, and, under cover of darkness, steal this great sum. Just then Lorenzo and his troops returned in triumph. They had fallen upon Fra Diavolo's band, slain twenty of the brigands and recovered the jewels. Roeburg paid the reward to Lorenzo, who gave it to Zerkina to keep for him. He was thus rich enough to marry the girl he loved. Her father was absent, having gone to fetch Francesco and to make final arrangements for Zerkina's wedding to the farmer next morning. So, while Lorenzo and his carabineers set forth again in search of Diavolo himself, the Marquis and his carabineers remained overnight at the inn.

The household, all except Zerkina, were asleep when Fra Diavolo cautiously opened a window and glimpsed Beppo and Giacomo in the room. Zerkina's room lay between them and the Roeburgs' apartment. Impatient, they waited hidden while the unsuspecting girl made her preparations to retire, singing softly to herself and at last kneeling in prayer. When she was asleep Beppo crept silently forward to murder her lest she awake and give the alarm. His arm was raised to strike when Zerkina murmured a few broken words of prayer in her sleep. The awed assassin's hand fell to his side. Before he could raise it again the carabineers, returning from their fruitless search for Fra Diavolo, knocked for admittance to the inn. The noise awakened the English couple. Beppo and Giacomo fled, but Fra Diavolo stood his ground. To Lorenzo he hinted that he had come into the inn at that hour to persuade Zerkina. Lorenzo challenged him to a duel, and they agreed to fight at 7 next morning in the woods above the chapel where Matteo had arranged for Zerkina's marriage to Francesco.

It was no part of Diavolo's plan to fight Lorenzo. He placed a number of his men in ambush in the wood to kill the captain as soon as the latter should appear. Meantime he personally expected to come to the chapel and hand having surrounded it and seize Lord and Lady Roeburg as they and the villagers were attending the wedding. Beppo and Giacomo joined the robbers, and while waiting their leaders' coming began drunkenly to imitate Zerkina's song of the night before. The girl, overhearing them, told Lorenzo, who had them seized and searched. In Beppo's pocket was found a letter revealing Diavolo's carefully laid plan for murder and theft. Beppo and Giacomo were forced at pistol point by Lorenzo to give the signal agreed on for Diavolo's attack. Then the hill toward the chapel came the band of robbers, the carabineers hiding until he had walked unsuspecting into the trap. Then, at Lorenzo's order, they fell upon and seized the robbers. He broke away, only to be shot dead. Lorenzo and Zerkina were united and the quarrelsome Lord and Lady Roeburg reconciled.

The story of "Fra Diavolo" will be published Tuesday.

Elastic Lead.

SUBJECT to the action of liquid air, lead becomes elastic, and can be made to rebound or serve as a spiral spring during the continuance of this low temperature.

"Dopey McKnight said next day he was afraid to taper off and he had saw a sign which read, 'Alcohol baths to cents, and if some one would lend him the price he'd go to one. But he was back with tears in his eyes and said it was a swindle. The Professor had tried to give him a string of beads, a bottle, instead of leading him to a bathtub full of alcohol, as he had expected.

"Miss Montgomery said she was going to remember that she was a lady and didn't intend to get pickled. New Year's Eve or no New Year's Eve, because if a lady did keep sober and look about her sharp in the retiring room she might find some jewelry dropped by ladies that was steady.

"Sure enough she helped a lady open her waist to get more air, and found a handsome diamond ring. Somebody must have dropped it on her hand.

"Louie Zinsmeister piped it off as being worth about \$50, and Dopey McKnight said we should watch the advertisements, as it might have been lost by some poor woman.

"Dopey behaved beautifully except he made a faux pas break when he was at what he wanted to eat and said sardines.

"When the sardines were brought he set up a scream because they were small. He said it was an outrage. Everywhere he went, because people thought he was a Patsy, he didn't get anything but little sardines. All his life had been up against that proposition and he wasn't going to stand it no more. Finally they brought him a human ladle dressed in oil and he was satisfied.

"Able Wexelbaum and Louie Zinsmeister got the table and George kept hollering 'Bring us another quart of Perfect Brut, and leave the bottles on the table with the labels turned up!'

"George says that a vast fortune waits the inventor who can get up a plate that will permit of wine being put in ice water for hours and yet keep the label in its place. George says more'n once he has been horrified to see the water bring the bottle out of the cooler, when mooks was watching our way, and the label has come off and, for all the mooks might know, it might be Pink Seal or even American wine.

"Then was the things George says, that makes a strong man weep when he's booting a brand.

"We had a lovely time after we got rid of Mamma De Branscombe, because you know how she embarrassed us last New Year's night by standing up with her back to the dashboard and talking to Tina the Irish Larry, who was driving us in his jansons all the way up Broadway? And she knows as well as I do that if you make too free with the working classes they will give you the call and cuss you something shameful in public places if you say they are a third for overcharging you.

"The only shadow on the rose garden occurred when some guy sitting behind us made a crack that New York was a town of hall room boys and wine agents, who only spent their money when the searchlight was turned on them.

"Oh, well, don't you care, kid, them caustic critics is never the ones to buy you a diamond bracelet.

"But we sure had some time in a red-dyed way. Why at our table forty-four quart was opened!"

Chicago Croesuses' Pocket Money.

By Dexter Forrest.

MARSHALL FIELD often was caught without ten cents in his pocket, but he rarely was placed in an embarrassing position by the lack of courtesy, as everybody in Chicago knows him by sight, and naturally his credit was good, says Dexter Forrest in the Chicago Tribune.

Left Z. Leiter and Peter Palmer had the same habit of carrying only small amounts with them. Joe Leiter does not carry a great deal of currency on his person, although he usually has more with him than his father was in the habit of carrying, and often during the life of L. Z. the father borrowed from Joe when he needed a little currency for postage stamps or for tips.

A few evenings ago I took a hand in a poker game at the home of one of Chicago's millionaires, and when the time came to "cash in" the millionaire, who acted as banker, had to borrow from his daughter the wages which were to be paid the family laundress next day to pay his share of the bill.

If any one of Chicago's millionaires should be called upon to produce from his pockets \$20 in currency under penalty of receiving a life sentence for failing to do so he probably would be compelled to bow his head submissively and accept the sentence.

The Jap Soldier's Strong Point.

By Eugene Francis.

NIPPON DENJI smiles broadest as he places his miniature artillery in the position where it will accomplish, through accurate handling, as much and maybe more than the enemy's guns, half again as adequate. While we fight with the full strength and value of the latest accoutrements of war, the Makaki fight with a completeness of information and skill, personal sacrifice, and a smile as imperturbable and unadaptable as that of his own Dai-butsu at Kamakura, writes Eugene Francis in Army and Navy Life.

The Makaki soldier is not wasteful of anything—not even of his courage. His valor is splendid—and discreet. He does not "bare his breast" to the enemy's shrapnel when nothing is to be gained by it. Rather, he gets under the enemy's fire and keeps it there until he has paid his share of the bill. He over-therby preserving his life and service for his Emperor. And in just such a moment of enforced inaction you would find him intently studying the enemy's game. Just so is his imperial head studying to-day the gigantic chances of a game with us, and, in the scheming diplomatic way of Japan, is playing out small trumps to locate the position of the towers.

For Further Adventures of "The Newlyweds, Their Baby," See Sunday World Comic Section.